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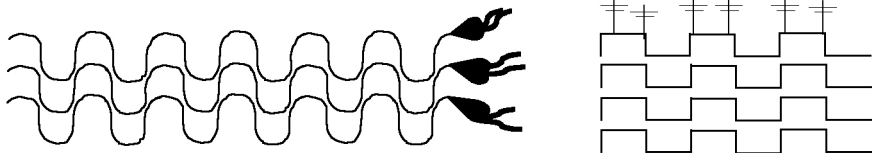
KEYwording

RAJULA SHAH

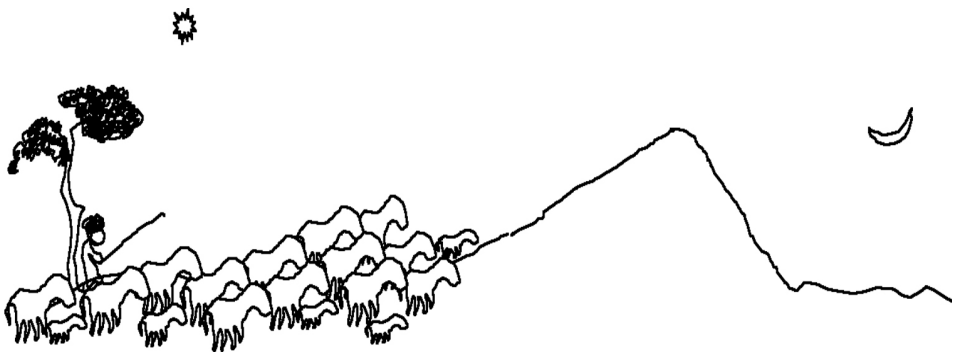
Camera:Consciousness::Yogabhrashta _____

is a soliloquy that maps a circuitous journey between *the spoken* and *the shot*, that are collated and archived within the niches and crevices of living cultures. Approaching cinematography or writing with Light through the older pre-modern practices of words and diagrams, this text traces back the source of imagery and narrative, and our ways of apprehending them, to the base line of memory and thus, to the core of our consciousness. In this text image, perception, narrative and memory, both experiential and contrived as well as individual and collective, overlap and become indistinguishable - resembling an archive of unlabelled cans, and thereby allowing the reels to get mixed up and then, to thread a new film by unwinding the canonised celluloid texts.

Analog signal can convey any information and has theoretically infinite resolution. Usually the analog and the digital signals are represented by two kinds of lines respectively:



It is a continuous signal for which the time varying feature (variable) of the signal is a representation of some other time varying quantity, i.e. **analogous** to another time varying signal. *the visible movement always points to the invisible movement concealed within it. For something to become conscious, it must first become a duality so we can differentiate it from something else. Two figures are often seen in dreams when a content is about to cross the threshold from the unconscious into consciousness. In several cultures (which?) the sun is the source of an analogy to God. The idea of focusing on the continuously changing aspect of form essentially helps to keep focus on the unchanging aspect; Guna is there, as a visible form to point eternally to the Nirguna viz. the non-stop gliding movement of the clock hands on the face of the dial includes memory of all movements, including the earth's rotation and revolution; like an unending serpentine line of bhaktas or devotees circumambulating their... kuldevta ... Kaaldevta Sun or Time-God.*



¹ The text in the *California FB* is quoted from Wikipedia and that in *talking to the moon* font is author's reflections and notes.

Any system has noise (i.e. random unwanted variation). The primary disadvantage of an **analog** signal is that as it is copied or transmitted over long distances, the unavoidable noise introduced by each step progressively degrading the signal-to-noise ratio, until in extreme cases the signal can be overwhelmed. This is called generation loss.

This signal is like the spoken word that refuses technical upgrade at the cost of getting lost in transmission. Its composure in the face of getting submerged by the overwhelming wave of noise is lucid. The message is clear- If you must know what the poet said, you must strain your ear and hear it across the bad and noisy translation! Analog will prefer to grow even if it means that it must subsequently grow weaker and die out when the signal to sound ratio is turned on its head. The verse that Kashi Ma sang from memory has all the words of Kabir replaced, and yet, could one say it is not Kabir? Analog is unafraid of getting lost in transit! Nirbhay Nirgun Gun re gaonga... 'Fearless, will I sing the praises of the formless!'- a voice begins to sing in my head- Is it the modern age musical genius Kumar Gandharva or the medieval saint poet Kabir?! I wonder. **Analogue** is used in literary history in the sense of a work or motif, which resembles another in terms of one or more motifs, character, scene, phrase or events. **Analogous** objects do not share necessarily a relation, but also an idea, a pattern, regularity, an attribute, an effect or a function... A false analogy however is a faulty argument from analogy, viz.

PERSON A: *I think people can have some affection for their cultural heritage.*

PERSON B: *You're just like Hitler!*

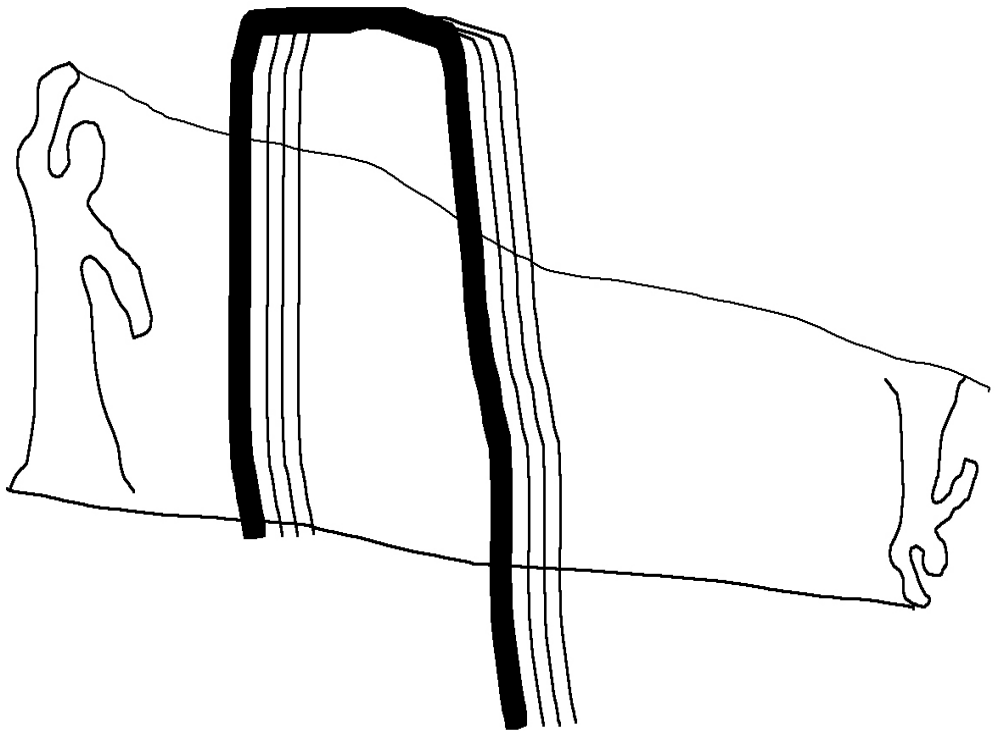
In ancient Greek the word **analogia** originally meant proportionality, in the mathematical sense, and it was indeed sometimes translated to latin as proportio. In philosophy Kant argued that there can be exactly the same relation between two completely different objects, eg. Stem is to Flower as Trunk is to Tree and Pen is to Author as Brush is to Artist. This notion of **analogy** put in the Aristotelian format, was used in the US-based SAT tests. *Once we recognise the world of experience for what it really is it becomes evident that the representational strategy used by the brain is an analogical one. Objects are represented in the brain by constructing full spatial effigies of them that appear to us like the objects themselves- or so it seems because we have never seen those objects in their raw form but only through our perceptual representations of them. The only reason why this very obvious fact of perception has so often been overlooked is because the illusion is so compelling that we tend to mistake the world of perception for*

the real world of which it is merely a copy- a classic case of not seeing the forest for the trees.

From the very beginning humans were different from animals, at the same time, deadlocked with them in the struggle for survival. The lack of physical strength, protective colouring, great speed or naturally lethal weaponry forced them to concentrate all their mind and energy to understand the situation. In order to exist they were forced to heighten their awareness of themselves and their environment. Very soon the experiences of the group began to be greater than the experiences of any individual in the group. This extension of consciousness à la A. T. Mann, signaled the most critical transition for early humans by introducing the concept of 'flow' of time; they began to think of 'Tomorrow' and discover the sequence of things; It brought out hidden connections between things. The more they studied the cosmos, the more they discovered themselves. There were parallels to be drawn everywhere and everything pointed back to the Self. Ages Later, the Oxford dictionary re-defines Time as that which keeps everything from happening at once. Chalmers et al. conclude that **analogy** is high level perception. However, the unusual role of deduction by analogy in Indian philosophical analysis appears to be perfectly demonstrated, not as a means to discover new knowledge but as a means not to discover it, i.e. not to discover it as a reduction of every facet of experience to a readymade scheme of logical, psychological and semantic principles...À la Jung, every event in the visible world is the effect of an image or an idea in the unseen world. Accordingly, everything that happens on earth is only a reproduction, as it were, of an event in a world beyond our sense perception - as regards its occurrence in Time, it is later than the suprasensible event. The holy and the wise who are in contact with those higher spheres have access to these ideas through direct intuition and are therefore able to intervene decisively in the events of the world. Thus the human being, linked with heaven- the suprasensible world of ideas, and with earth- the material world of visible things, forms a trinity of the primal powers.

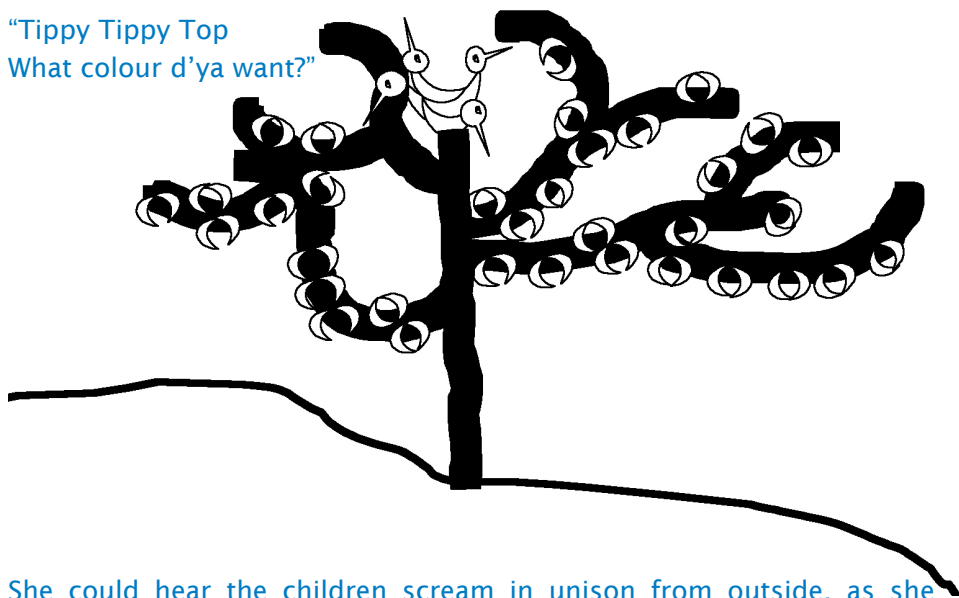
Cinema, an ancient art, reinvents Time to make plain a Trinity. Here Consciousness and Creativity fuse to become Light. À la Abhinavagupta, it is a strange kind of light, diffused and slightly shadowed. Behind each particle is a subtle shadow marking out the path of light, the form of object held in it. Light and shadow exist side by side and they cannot be separated from one another. On one side it appears as the object of perception and on the other as the seer of perception. À la Ravi Ravindra, each one of us is actually an

artist of our life and engaging in the work of transformation is an imperative of our human existence. It is as if we are constantly called to make ourselves, the earth and the whole universe into works of art.



Level One: Jagrat

“Tippy Tippy Top
What colour d’ya want?”



She could hear the children scream in unison from outside, as she planted herself like a time-bomb in the cave of her ancestor/ Mother-to-be’s belly, who at that very moment, for some reason, was wishing the girl downstairs to ask for colour sky-blue. That synchronic moment, the little girl downstairs shouted- “*Sky-Blue!*” Mother-to-be looked out of the window at the children playing below. By now they had raised their hands to the sky, curving one palm like an umbrella with a finger under it, as if touching the blue screen.

“What shall we call her?!” Mother-to-be popped a question at Sky.

“HMMMMMMM....Neela?!” Sky prompted.



Level Two: **Swapna**

Once upon a Time, there was Neela. She had no one in the world to call her own except her little toy camera. In the absence of a grandmother to hear stories from, one day Neela slung the camera around her neck and went in search of one. At the precise moment when Neela reached the little hut, Kashi Ma was not home. Neela decided to wait for her to return. As she lingered in the neighbourhood, fiddling with her camera, she bumped into a wise old man sitting calmly in the harsh sun as if he were sitting in cool moonlight. He looked up at her camera and smiled - "You know, when movies first came to our village, very often the screen was damaged by the excited audience throwing shoes and stones at the 'villain'. Apparently it was a measure of its success. His creation however, is not a picture show meant to be a box office hit, to amass wealth or win the Oscar. It employs unimaginable powers of acting to elevate the soul and reveal to it something that cannot be conveyed through any direct means. It is like the subtle theme and treatment of pure art. When such a sense enters into the spiritually cultured mind, it's response to the world show changes."

Neela at this point, stole a peep into her camera - it was recording. At that precise moment, a voice started singing from outside her frame:

ka mangu kuchh thir na rahai/ dekhat nain chalyo jug jai...

What shall I ask for? Nothing stays.

The world dissolves beneath my gaze.



The old man looked up at a rickety window as it slightly swayed in the breeze..."That's the voice you are looking for, child. Go find her." Neela climbed the rickety old stairs and went up. There she was - Kashi Ma, sitting in all her toothless majesty, strumming on her chipped tamboor. Neela wanted to ask her where she had been all this while, and why she hadn't met her earlier. Instead she sat down to listen to her singing. However as soon as she finished, Neela shot the first arrow.

"So where does one go after Death?"

"There is nowhere to go!" The old woman snapped. Her voice sounded so near. Neela wanted to hear it once again.

"But what is outside Time?"

"Look, we are all inside His belly and he's snoring away in bliss...where can we go thence?!"

"Where do saints go?"

"I said, there is nowhere to go, child! Don't you understand!"

"But what about Immortality?"

"Immortality... is tough, my dear". Kashi Ma's note came down a scale as she spoke thinking to herself..."That comes with hard labour across cycles of birth and death. It comes with a wager."

Kashi Ma made some calculations in her head, counted eons on her fingers and continued..."It's like this- you walk for over hundred years in Mrtyalok, and it amounts to a mere four months in Devlok... which may well be far from where one begins, child! However that's Yogabhrashta's last chance to recover lost time. The face of the clock with its floating needles must be kept in mind like a map. Remember the centre is everywhere and the circumference, nowhere!" With a mystic twinkle in her eye, the old woman measured Neela through the vibrating strings of her chipped tamboor, with fingers as if on the abacus of Time. Neela wanted to ask who is Yogabhrashta? However, spellbound by the moment, she decided to suspend the question and gaze at Kashi Ma's reflection in her mirror read camera. Will she or won't she tell a story now? Kashi Ma however was lost in gazing at the invisible screen before her eyes.

"What are you watching, Kashi Ma?"

- "Picture reels...!"

"Where?"

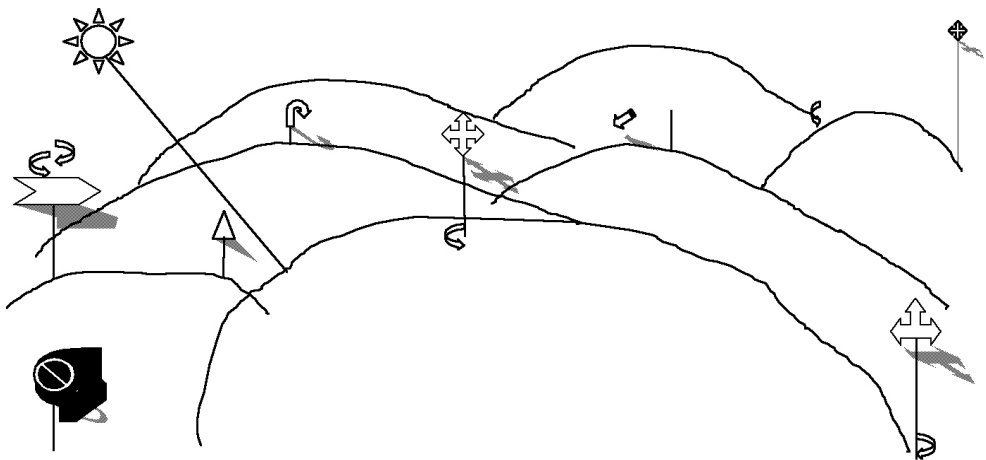
- "On the Screen!"

"What screen, Kashi Ma? Where is it?"

Not able to catch the blank screen in her mirror, she returned to Kashi Ma's, who now resembling a gently sloped mountain with an inward looking gaze began to tell what she saw -

“Look at the little girl in red sitting next to the woman with the tamboor in the bus - that’s me and my mother returning from the Shivaratri fair at Bhojpur. I have slept off after a whole night’s vigil, singing hymns at the temple. So many people come all the way from far away scattered villages only to listen to her voice. They all say there is something in her voice that pulls them from their homes. Mother doesn’t look tired here though; looks like she could sing for another five nights.

Ever since father left, I have not seen her sleeping. When I sleep at night, she is still making the leaf bowls and when I wake up, the tea is ready. Wonder what she is thinking about now though. Outside the window there is the rusty red mountain with fire in its belly running along our bus... or am I dreaming it? The mountain seems to hide a volcano exerting tremendous pressure from within, demanding release. The last song in mother’s voice of the night before is still haunting my dreams - *emulate grace and open joyfully, or events will find ways to force the same energy out of you variously*. I wake up. There is nothing for miles except a labyrinthine jungle of red hills with black rocks and dried grass. Serpentine paths turn corners to disappear round hills and hot vapors rising from the parched earth distort all straight lines to wavy mirages. What is she looking at unblinking there?



I follow mother's pointing finger to look at the sun. I don't remember if she tells me or I see for myself that when the sun has traveled its greatest distance from us, a new sunrise awaits us. In the rebirth of the sun, we'll perform the solar ritual of the winter solstice ... a ritual we have designed for focusing absolute awareness upon a finite place and time, in which every object, thought, movement and word acquires immense significance. As we grow older, the sharp edges of extremes are made softer by experience. All that remains is the light of understanding, which grows within and illuminates the eyes. Capturing our journey of a thousand miles this way, no matter the trial and the ordeal, everything always works out." "And then?" Neela could not refrain from asking. Kashi Ma snapped back, - "And then, my dear child, this toy you lug around lies in the dust as you fly up light like a feather in the sky-blue. It is not very clear where the parachute is going to land though. For all you know, if you happened to be thinking of the shepherds and their herd of sheep, you could very well land a mule trudging the red earth in Deccan!"



Here Kashi Ma paused and took a deep breath. Neela wanted to ask what was playing now on the invisible screen but before she could look up from her camera, Kashi Ma dropped down dead. This is exactly how she had so often wished to leave; just fall away like a leaf when Time comes. But how do you mean, Kashi Ma? Neela had wanted to ask every time. How would you know the Time had come? However before Neela could as much as open her mouth, Kashi Ma had dissolved into thin air.

Neela was left without a grandmother, yet again. She asked herself as she shut the camera - 'Will she return to tell the tale?' Another possibility popped in her head. If she concentrated hard enough and strained her ears far into the sky, she herself might be able to hear Kashi Ma continuing her tale from wherever she was. Sure enough as Neela listened, Kashi Ma began her commentary. Neela wanted to know... but the tale had started and she'd never interrupt one!

Level Three: **Sushupti**

Kashi Ma continued - "As I crawl my way into the deep dark belly of the caterpillar walking in the deep forest I hear a voice

- Fellow Yogabhrashta, you are asleep to things and perfectly wakeful to yourSelf. Your 'I-ness' stretches itself continuously and finds itself untouched, nothing to do with any form of Space or Time or thing-ness of form. From this continuity comes the power of projecting forms. Look at the dust particles projecting shadows from another world upon the screen. What do you see?

Look Carefully. You've been here before. It is the interior of the caterpillar's dark belly. You suddenly recognise the familiar contours of the loop. This is the turn where it comes full circle. You look around. As the eye adjusts to the darkness in the tunnel, you catch sight of a trap door concealed nicely into the wall. It is secret and inviting. So there is a quiet exit into the real world after all, you think and stealthily walk up to it. You try to pull the handle and finding it locked, frantically search for a chink to peep out. However, when you do manage to find the crack you are disappointed to find the view on the other side as strikingly similar to what has been till now - drab desert lines as far as the eye can see. Almost repelled by it, you return to the main line of the loop from where you saw the trap door in the first place. You walk ahead on the main line and go over a bend to glimpse the view on the other side. It's the vision of a stunning new landscape, such as you have never seen before. You choose to enter the zone or is it just a curious moment of harmless adventure, you will know only later.

The twin visions from the given point are only separated by a turn of your head - one tiny movement of the head and you find yourself in freedom, one little slip and you go down tumbling '100 years of boredom'. That which promises to be a new path, completely different from what you been through before, is a mirage that doesn't take you anywhere. It only

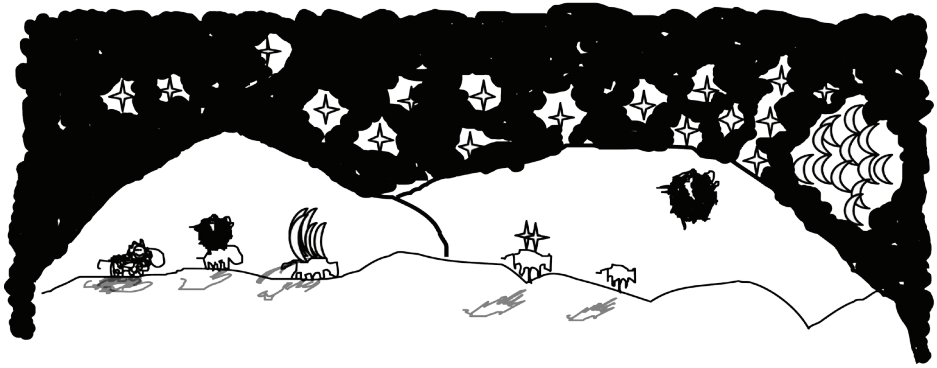
returns you to yet another loop in Mrtyalok. While the other that looks like more of the same, happens to be the real vision. You won't choose it because it only promises more of the same. But this is where you slip, my dear Yogabhrashta, to whom alone this lucky glimpse of the hidden trap door is afforded. All others can see only one view at a time and have no choice. Blessed with almost all it takes to make it to the summit, you however make a choice that lands you in the chalk circle again. You know where the path has brought you — to another belly in the big bang! Hence do not trust anything you know, but look. There are traps here, as elsewhere. Mind your step. Don't be yourself. Play yourSelf. Your Time starts now." Here Kashi Ma dropped the quotes and said- "I notice that the voice has carefully led me out of the cave and now there is a blinding light that makes me shut my eyes".

Kashi Ma took such a long pause here, that Neela thought she had lost the connection. However just when she was about to give up, her voice returned, this time speaking from inside an infant...

★

Level Four: **Mahajagrat**

"When I open my eyes, I still remember the previous birth faintly. I resemble a turtle, flapping my hands and feet up in the air, fastened to the back of a moving mule trudging the red earth in Deccan! I can see the rough rocky red earth glide beneath my roving eyes as the mule goes traversing it for miles. The hiccupping hens hanging upside down next to me only catch the sky. As I watch, the colours begin to change from red earth to black soil. The mule's trot changes as its hoofs begin to slip into the soft black soil. From the tinkling I gather we are moving towards the sheep. And then I hear the little black sheep sneeze. The mule halts, two feet with thick anklets walk up, and two hands untie me. I am rotated one hundred degrees to adjust with the upside down world. For the first memory of being human, it is dizzying. I flit my beady eyes in all directions to locate myself on the earth. There are many turtles tied on the back of mules, like me, flapping their hands and feet in the air.



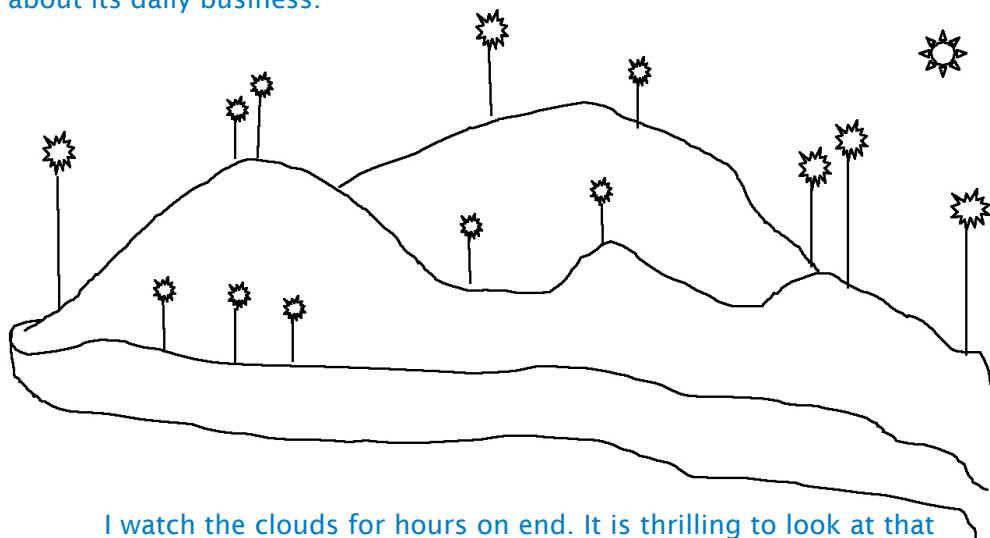
A man walks up to me from the direction of the sneezing black sheep and throws me up in the air thrice, after which I am able to direct my eyes towards his pointing finger with which he has been trying to show me something in the distant sky, a red ball that looks like the ripe pumpkin that usually hangs alongside me on the mule. A little boy pulls my leg from below. I bend down and grab what it offers me and stuff it into my mouth. Half of it falls down while I look at my open fingers, trying hard to focus. There is nothing left in my palm. By the time I locate the pointing finger again, the red ball of a pumpkin has been slashed into half. Could it be that we are having the other half for our meal now?! The sky has begun to darken. Some people have started a fire in one corner of the field. After passing through several hands, the little boy with shaking arms lovingly carries me towards the woman with anklets, my mother. The sky overhead is growing darker by the blink now. Surrounded by voices speaking in all kinds of tones and tenors, my mother's rocking lap slowly starts lulling me to sleep.

This has roughly been the essence of my life till then- sunset at one place, sunrise in another. Day and night chase each other behind my back; I swell up and down like sea waves, going places, never reaching anywhere.

I can hardly focus yet on most of what flits in and out of my frame. Often I find myself waiting for something, perhaps for my father's finger pointing somewhere, so I can know where to focus my eyes. Mother's voice is however always very clear and focused, as she often sings to me in a language I do not yet understand. By and by I have begun to sense the disorienting loop of wakefulness-dream-deep sleep. While

some things seem to change every moment, some others continue to remain as before. Which is which? Am I dreaming the world or is the world dreaming me? Or are we both a figment of someone else's dream? Another possibility pops up in my head - it could all well be my imagination... I close my eyes to the star-spangled dark sky far above my head and the flickering flames on the face of my mother closer by. Could it be that I am making all this up? That night I dream of the moon going up in flames till it blazes like the sun. In the end everything becomes dark and silent. I can see nothing, hear nothing, remember nothing. It feels like being forgotten inside the belly of a caterpillar walking in the deep dark forest.

I wake up to the sound and sight of the river water spraying in the morning sun. I recognise the footsteps of my mother, as she walks past me pulling the wet mule over the round stones of the riverbed. I strain my ears for the tinkling of sheep bells. But there is only the sound of the river. Could he have left then? I am fast getting used to the pointing finger of Father and the tinkling sheep coming in and going out of my loop of existing. As I flit in and out of my waking-dreaming-deep sleep modes, the men and sheep seem to come and go. We keep meeting at night halts and carry on our separate ways as the sun goes about its daily business.



I watch the clouds for hours on end. It is thrilling to look at that fire filled, water-laden dark fluffy cloud that grows and grows and in a trice is gone, leaving the blank screen behind. And it seems as if the

meaning and beauty of the display lies in that blank screen alone. It is a joy to catch the beauty of life by letting things come and go, things so seemingly enduring, collapsing in no time, vanishing. I am not yet a worldly mind wanting its favorite forms to endure because they are pleasing. Being forever in flux helps; the world is hardly with me. My mule travels with the sun. Light became the heart of all experience for me, in whose gaze the fields come and go. Before I can identify with any of these passing worlds, the caravan moves on to newer pastures. With no one place to belong to, I belong to the whole earth appearing to me as an undulating wave changing from moment to moment. No two moments are the same.

There however still seems to be something that gives cohesion to my otherwise fragmented life; something that gives sequence to the pell-mell of moving images. Where does the continuity lie? Can it be in me, the witness of the entire *mise-en-scene*? After all, isn't it me waking, dreaming, sleeping and that very same *me* awakening? I am exhilarated at the sheer possibility of locating the thread in myself. I want to discover that in me or place myself in it, after which it would stop mattering if the scene grows or goes.

Thence I would just hold the mystery in me, like the sun slipping behind the hills now, doing the everyday act of gathering its rays back into its golden tresses like a mighty ogress; or like an ancient ageless cowherd, flute in hands, calling his flock back. I see the sun in my own image as I look at the clouds darkening the sky over my head. As if driven by the wind, the sheep slowly gathers around me, anticipating rain. They stand in rapt attention as the drizzle starts. The wind that day, does not drive the clouds away. Instead it charges them up till they burst upon the undulating landscape with distant horizons. The entire herd including me turns to stone under the downpour. The moment stretches into an eternity. When the thunder and the lightning have had their say, the sun comes out again. The statues return to life. In the slanting rays of the sun, a light from another world illumines the sky. Once again I watch the particles dance in the sun-beam."

Suddenly Kashi Ma addressed Neela directly -

- "My child, Time is what keeps everything from happening at once. It was my own light streaming that seemed to give reality to the sequence of images through my perception. The perception was in fact like a swell in the mental stuff conveying the material shape of perceived objects. It was the shimmering of another light on the wave that revealed the object, that's what created the experience of knowing the object."

If Kashi Ma was seen, Neela would have asked her — "Don't you think only the unknown can evoke love? The known is bound to create an obsession of details and quickly cease to be interesting. Does that mean one should avoid intimacy and start living aloof?"

"The trouble my child..." As she continued Neela gathered that the voice speaking now and then in her own head had always been Kashi Ma's. "...the trouble arises not in contact but out of confusion of the essential principle with superfluous details. And you cannot recognise the essence of anything without coming into deep and continuous contact with it."

She paused awhile to look sharply at Neela as if giving her a moment to soak it in and resumed the story...

"...As I watch the dance of particles in the sharp beam of light, every bit of the sound and picture reels of the journey that has been till then seems to bleach out and dissolve in the light beam like images from a remotely past life. Through the condensed experience that seems to last a moment and an eternity at the same time, I grow up. Thereafter as I roam the earth, it occurs to me that I am driven by my deepest inner necessity, not only to understand the cosmos but also to transform it, to intentionally change it. I realise anew that in the transformation of a human being, great art and struggle are needed. I can see why they say all existence is based upon harmonic structure and when the proper chord is struck, it does reverberate throughout cosmos."

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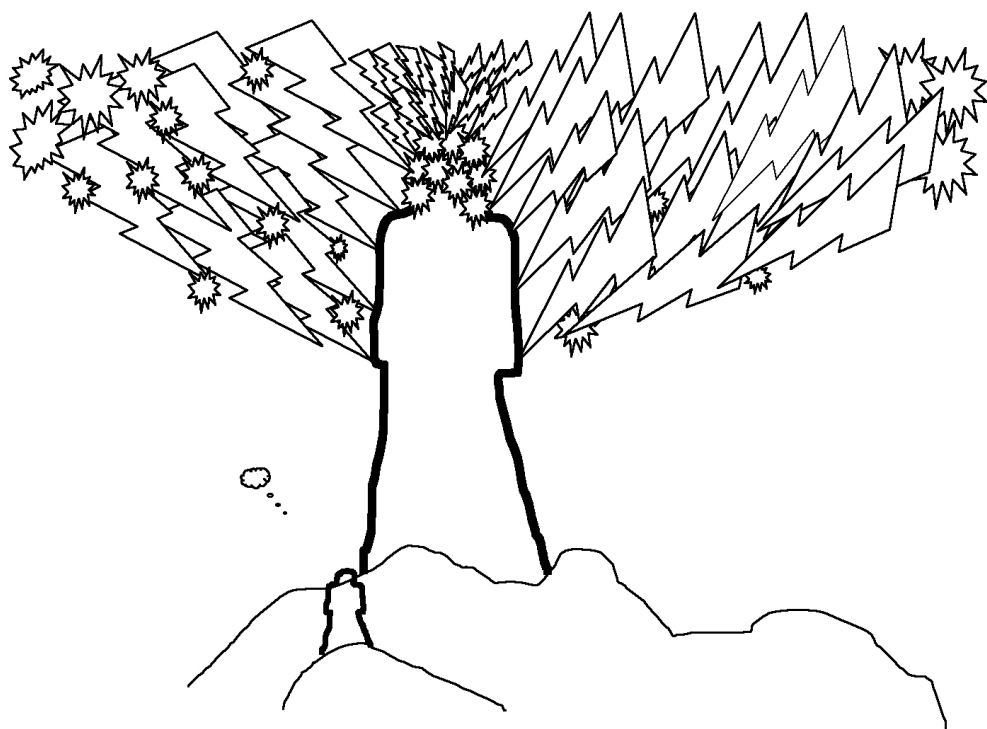
Level Five: **Turiya**

“In that state I walk for hundred and nineteen years tirelessly through forests, through hills, through cities, through streets, through rivers, through mountains, through clouds. Ever since I have come to see light as the heart of experience, I have followed the sun. It appears to have midway turned into a race with the sun. Having lost count of years, I am free to chase it up and down countless mountains. This however looks like the last mountain I would ever climb. As I stand at the base of the mountain looking at the summit, feeling no mountain would emerge from behind it anymore, the three-legged wise woman passing by the brook, confirms the same. I resume my journey. It is a steep climb that means I would reach the top faster. However there is still time. And if it indeed be the last climb, it needs to be taken in bit by bit. I slow down.

It is serene and silent except for the occasional breeze that rustles through the leaves. My own footfalls in the late autumn echo in my ears. Feeling a little out of depth, I pause awhile beside a rock, in the slanting rays of the sun, listening to the forest. The silence of the half bare trees sounds strangely stalked. I look down at my two feet on the ground. They are still. Who is it that walks then? I look up. The sun is ahead of me as it has always been and as always I trail nineteen and a half steps behind it as the eternal stalker.

Just as I am going to lift my right foot, I have a strange sense of the jungle closing in upon me on all sides. Dropping the forward movement of the right foot, I turn around on my left heel and glance behind. What I see strikes a dagger in my heart. I realise a hundred and nineteen years of walking has not rid me of my Fear. A tingling current from the back of my head routes itself down the spine into the earth. A towering human figure, glowers at me, from its haloed head in the skies that seems to craft a dazzling ring out of the eclipsing sun behind it.

For once in over hundred years, I forget to blink. The spectre looks back unblinkingly at me. It seems familiar across countless cycles of birth and death.



There is no doubt left as I recognise mySelf enlarged a thousand times over, projected upon the blue-screen. The spectre is me. I stop dead in my path and look at my feet once again. There is a shiny bug climbing over my big toe to the other side of the mountain. I look up at the sky. The light beam having grown faint, the spectre now looks like an X ray image. I look at the mirror in my hand. It is empty. I look up again. The screen is blank. I sit down on the rock and close my eyes."

In the pregnant pause, Neela wanted to ask- "What did you make of it, Kashi Ma? What did the spectre say? Won't you talk about it?"

Kashi Ma's voice resounding in the empty sky, sounded nearer than ever before. Neela looked around, The voice continued -

"However there is a sign in the spectre that appears to forbid transmission over long distances. Nothing to write home about, child. The message is clear. The understanding is mine only if I can keep it. In the flash of lightening, it is capable of giving me what it can - an entire field of experience from the Brocken specter to the tiny bug crossing my little toe. In that moment, I am suddenly able to locate the seer in mySelf - I am the one running like a fine thread holding all beads of experiences, the one forming the three storey-ed structure of

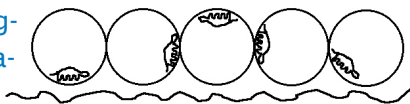
jagrat-swapna-sushupti-waking-dreaming-deep

sleep jagrat-swapna-sushupti-waking-

dreaming-deep sleep-jagrat-swapna-

sushupti-waking-dreaming-deep

sleep...

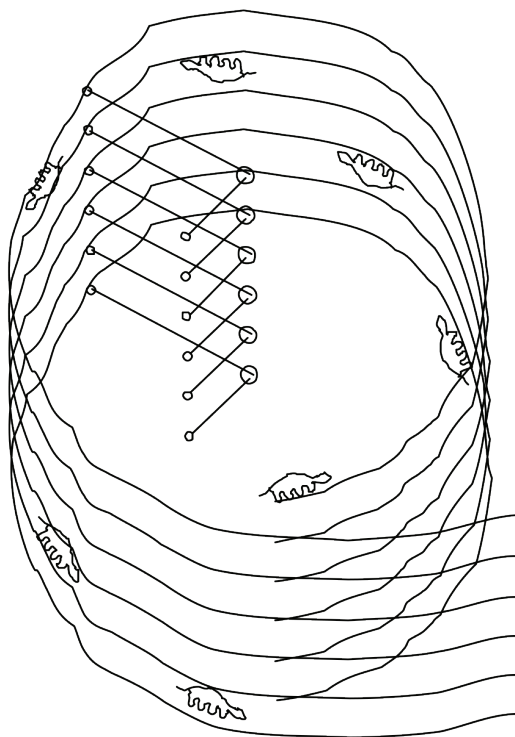


It's a continuous unbroken circle until I recognise the trap door for what it is - the way out through which manifests the expanse of understanding. Here is the chance for the Yogabhrashta to get thrown out of the three pointed circle of Karma, climbing one level up.

At this point in the forked path, something tells me I'd do well to remember mySelf. Being conscious of the tendency of being a Yogabhrashta will help me desist from a course of action indicated by the situation of the moment and stay free of the tyranny of events.

Since everything is momentary, the irrelevance of seeing Time as a whole is clear. When I realise Time is not a reality, the mountains cease to unfold anymore behind the Summit. I stand at the summit to look back at the path I have walked through. The entire landscape unfurlls in front of me like a filmstrip till as far as eyes see. I tell mySelf- I am here and now, forever.

That synchronic moment, everything remaining the same, everything changes. From another birth, the image of an infant intently watching the clouds flashes upon the inner screen as I become available for another transformation."





The projections were made possible in the light of dialogues² with

Nirmal Verma. Kashibai. Gaurabai. G.I. Gurdjieff. Girdharilal. Manohar Mali. Iswaranand Giri. Werner Herzog. Abbas Kiarostami. Emily Dickinson. Robert Bresson. Abhinav Gupta. Arghya Basu. Andrei Tarkovsky. J. Krishnamurty. Wikipedia. Kabir. Sehdev Rana. Tukaram. Loknath Rana. Shampa Shah. Neelmani Devi. Nisargadatta. Yashdev Shalya. Milan Kundera. Mukund Lath. Jyotsna Milan. Matsya Puraan. Ravi Ravindra. Mahabharata. Ishwar Dost. Anup Singh. Niranjana Kartik. Mario Vargas Llosa. Sriparna Basu. A. T. Mann. C.G.Jung. Ramesh Chandra Shah. Sara Rai. Ajay Bhardwaj. Vincent Van Gogh. Madhusree Dutta. Naveen Sagar. Vidyanibas Misra. Govind Chandra Pande. Sudhir Kumar. Irawati Karwe. Peter Brook. Rustom Mody. Anuradha Laxminarayan. and my film students.

² This text involves long research and study constituting of ideas, practices, and works from various masters and dialogues with the artisan and the common woman and man that has led the writer to connect the study and practice of cinema to that of consciousness. The author expresses gratitude to the masters and co-seekers alike who helped her crystallize the essence where at times contrary strands come together as a whole. Also, the sources of learning being such a mix of the oral and the written, it makes sense to give names suggesting a whole body of collective philosophy and individual work rather than listing as quotes.

analog

A SOLILOQUY BY Rajula Shah

COVER IMAGE SOURCE Still from *Word Within the Word* by Rajula Shah, 2008

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ENGLISH Arundhati Subramaniam

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KEYwording is part of Living Archive – Archive Work as a
Contemporary Artistic and Curatorial Practice, a project by Arsenal
– Institute for Film and Video Art Berlin



KEYwording is a project by Madhusree Dutta and Ines Schaber.

Until the late 80s, the Arsenal, in whose context this project takes place, had used keywords as a search criterion for films in their collection. This practice was later abandoned because 'the standard categorisations used to sort films and make them accessible in a popular form would exclude many films as the given categories do not and cannot be applied to many of the experimental films that Arsenal collects.'

Retrospectively though, the terms can be read not as a normative function within an archive but as a positioning of an organisation and its political agenda. The current project is to address, yet again, the space that lies between the possibilities of opening and locking of themes and practices when anchored on keywords. Keeping the Arsenal archive as the immediate context, instead of avoiding the pitfalls of applying words on films we attempt to pluck a few words from the contemporary cultural practices to rethink the ways of archiving and the struggle to keep contemporising that what is archived.

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KEYwording is part of Living Archive – Archive Work as a Contemporary Artistic and Curatorial Practice. The idea of the Living Archive is to initiate projects that carry out archival work as part of their development, so as to link research, preservation and publication in the context of contemporary curatorial and artistic practice. Living Archive represents the attempt to undertake archival work that does not serve self-preservation only but is contemporary, creates something new and enables new approaches.